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A LOYAL ODE,
For 1887

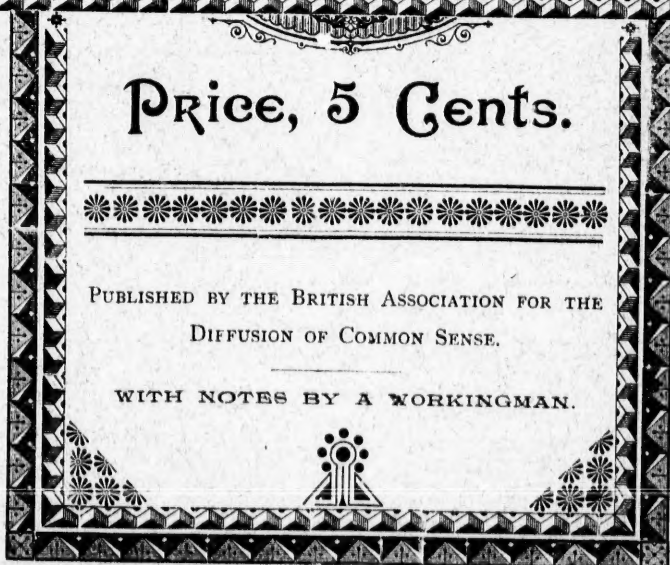
The Jubilee Year of Her Majesty
Queen Victoria.



 THE JUBILEE PRIZE POEM



Price, 5 Cents.



PUBLISHED BY THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE
DIFFUSION OF COMMON SENSE.

WITH NOTES BY A WORKINGMAN.



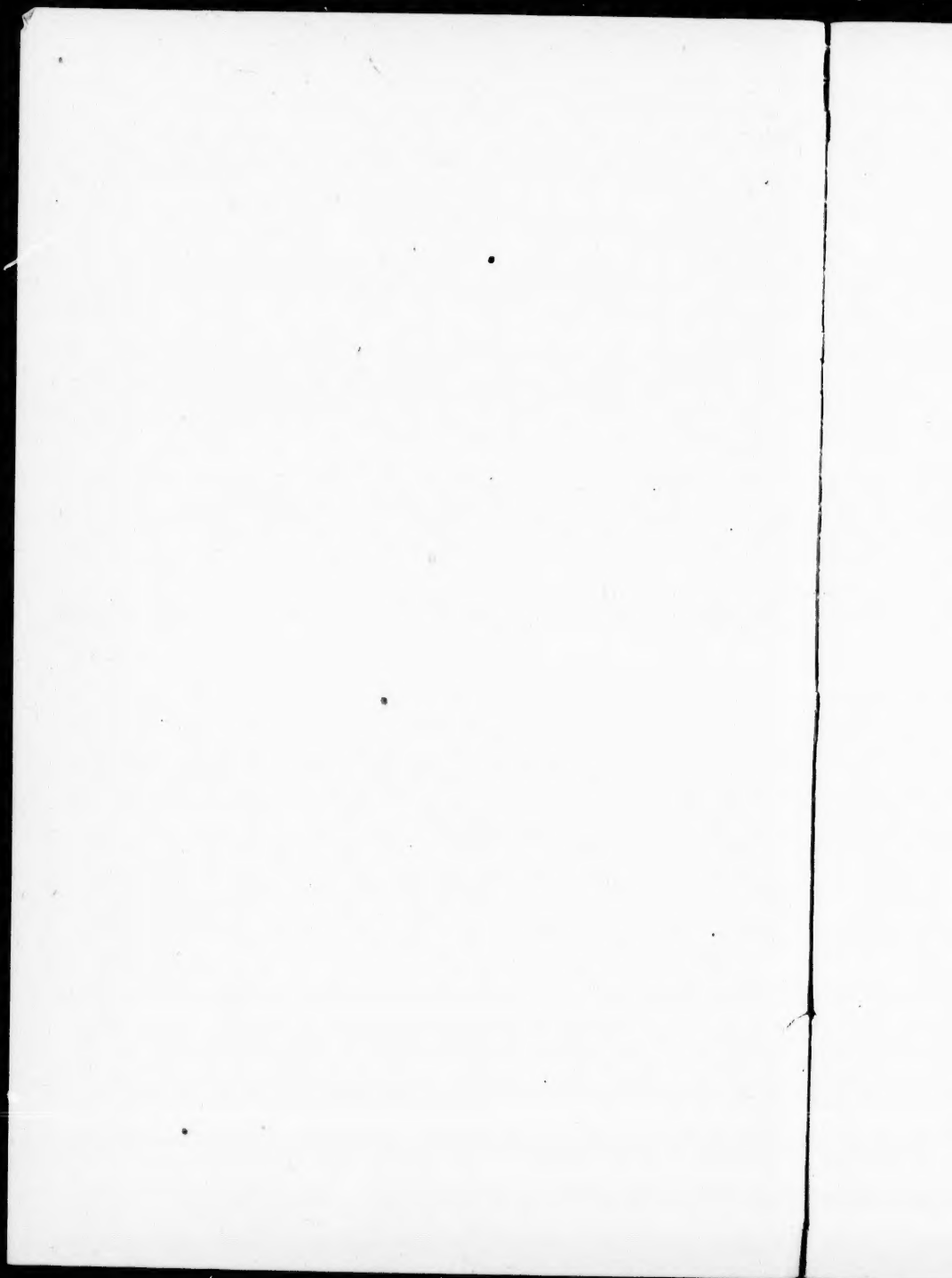
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A LOYAL ODE.

HAIL noble Isle, great mistress of the sea,
Land of the rich and poor and those called free.
Where those who work not on the best are fed,
And those who work the most can scarce get bread.
Proud Island which Atlantic waves surround
As if to guard fair Freedom's native ground,
Land of great poverty, and pomp and pride,
With palace and with poor house side by side.
With prince and noble seen in rich array,
And ragged beggars toiling on their way ;
With hungry women wandering in each street,
And homeless children with bare heads and feet :
Where wealthy Dives in gayest mood is found,
While sore and deep distress is all around ;
Where sick sad hearted fathers still must see,
Their wives and children kept in misery ;
Where hopeless creatures wearied out with life,
Rush on to death to end their fearful strife—
Though such sad contrasts may cause discontent,
'Tis not the fault of Royal government.
Hail great Victoria, Britain's Empress Queen !
Greeted with loud hurrahs whenever seen.
She's worthy of her grandeur, wealth and crown,
No matter who dare grumble or dare frown.
She is the nation's pride, and strength, and life,
Without her would be mob-law, plots, and strife.
She's seldom seen because her heart might throb.
To watch the antics of some loyal mob ;
Or to be gazed at by some gaping crowd,
Whose frantic shoutings might be long and loud.
Such sights and sounds would cause her much distress,
Even she's disgusted with such abjectness.

Her low born subjects never should pass free,
 Between the wind and her nobility.
 They're now subservient knowing she has power,
 But could fling off allegiance in an hour.
 And many would perhaps like demons dance,
 To see her cut off like the queen of France.*
 Yet now the common crew will yell with pride,
 When out her sacred majesty will ride.
 While prancing guards and lackeys round her coach,
 Will keep the vulgar herd from near approach.
 She's six grand coaches kept for royal state,
 (If these are not enough she shall have eight).
 And when she drives in state, no matter where,
 Obsequious British loafers stop to stare.
 What great excitement when 'tis known she's bent,
 To read a speech before *her* parliament.
 She seldom cares this favour to bestow,
 The reason why 'tis not for us to know.†
 No doubt she's wearied with the cares of state
 And needs amusement with the titled great.
 If she has whims they are those of a queen,
 And these are virtues howsoever seen.
 Her income we've the privilege to pay,
 But shan't dictate to her in any way.

For servants she has lords and ladies fair,
 Who rush to black her boots or comb her hair
 No menial act for her they would despise,
 If in her estimation they could rise.
 Those noble flunkies all feel proud to wait,
 On the first lady of this mighty state.
 For her they'd sing, or dance, or act buffoon,
 And praise her as being like the full bright moon.
 Priests, bards, and statesmen readily betray
 A failing her to flatter in such way.
 Among the servile who her name would bless
 Are flunkies of the pulpit and the press.
 And most would fain persuade her that each grace,
 Of some divinity shines in her face.
 Thus sycophants crowd round her every day,

* Maria Antoinette.

† The Queen's persistent neglect of this duty until very lately has caused much discontent. Yet if there were no improper manipulation of the public funds in this connection the neglect may have brought some compensation; for the absurd display of an ordinary procession of the Queen to open parliament would cost more than would buy food for a thousand poor English families for more than a year!

For what they claim to do John Bull must pay.*

She has a dozen chaplains who all pray,
And for their pious work scarce think of pay,
Lord what a comfort are these holy men !
To her devoted so with tongue and pen.
They almost worship her and scarce feel shame,
In claiming heavenly honors for her name.
They say she is the hand-maid of the Lord,
And wondrous virtues to her name accord.
They preach to all submission to the Queen,
Whose sway has made content so plainly seen.
We should appreciate those reverend guides,
Nor grudge to them the dole the state provides.
Though by no selfish views their acts are led,
They know the side on which the butter's spread.

We have her matchless son, the Prince of Wales,
Some dare to tell of him vile filthy tales.
Of George the Fourth they say he is the peer,
In many things that can't be mentioned here.
For our four Georges were a model set,
Quite unsurpassed in many ways, you bet.
The plots and plans and scheming of Old Nick,
They could out-do and do it mighty quick.
With other rulers too who graced the past,
Our pious prigs say Albert's lot is cast.
For he has kingly ways and more will get,
He likes already to run into debt.
And bold enough to ask that we shall pay
The claims he cannot meet in any way.
He's lavish of our cash, nor seems to care,
Whether we have a farthing more to spare :
A proof, if proof were wanting, that he will,
As an annointed scape grace, " fill the bill."

He is a daring sportsman as all know,
He shot an Indian wild pig long ago,
He like a minstrel now the banjo plays,
And kicks up didos in some other ways.

* In a speech by Sir Chas. Dilke, he said : " The salaries in the Royal Household, which amount to £131,000 a year (\$655,000) include a vast number of totally useless officials, chamberlains, controllers, masters of ceremonies, marshalls of household, grooms of the robes, Lords-in-waiting, grooms-in-waiting, gentlemen ushers, etc., etc., (and 21 physicians of all kinds, including surgeons, oculists, chemists and dentists). I should be almost afraid of tiring anybody while I went over the strange list of officers of which the household is made up. Lord High Almoner, Sub-Almoner, Hereditary Grand Almoner, Master of the Buckhounds, Clerk of the Check, Clerk of the Closet, Exons-in-waiting, and last but not least, the Hereditary Grand Falconer" (he has £1,500 a year). Besides these there are peeresses and other aristocratic servants and waiting maids who hold offices, such as Lady of the Bedchamber, Mistress of Robes, Ladies-in-waiting, etc., etc., etc.

He bets and plays, a loss will sometimes pay,
 Oh, he's a royal daisy in his way !
 Still his small vices forth we should not bring,
 As he will likely yet be Britain's king.
 And kings we know are privileged to sin,
 And do what common men dare not begin.
 Like Solomon, he may keep many wives,
 (This patriarchal grace in him survives).
 He follows holy men in many things,
 And would an angel be if he had wings.
 Yet Albert is a model for mankind,
 And those who cannot see it must be blind.*

The royal Brunswickers are Britain's pride,
 And only traitors will their name deride.
 Vile croakers say they are but greedy drones,
 Whose selfish aims would pick the nation's bones.
 No gifts too great to give this royal brood,
 Though hungry thousands should cry out for food.
 Though poverty deep down each victim drags,
 Those must be clothed in silk while these wear rags.
 And if a prince or princess must be wed,
 Then for the dowry is the nation bled.
 Some say the Queen herself should try and shift
 To pay as parents do each marriage gift.
 But still, though very rich, she will not haste,
 On matters of this kind her funds to waste.
 She knows full well that she need only pout
 And claim this extra gift—then we shell out.

Our royal snobs must have at their command,
 The highest offices by sea or land.

* In "Personal Sketches," by Justin McCarthy, he says of the Prince of Wales: "I confess that I do not think that the country has much reason to be proud of the Prince of Wales. He is a remarkably dull young man. . . . He is fond of comic singing common to places which are in London called 'Music Halls,' and that I take it is conclusive with regard to his artistic tastes. . . . His name is jeeringly mentioned in connection with that of some notorious actress or audacious women of fashion. . . . It would be hardly possible to convince any one living in London that the future King of England is not a man of coarse, gross, sensuous, and stupid nature." Another writer says: "People hear nothing of him but more or less disreputable stories. He is continually bringing himself into discredit. The scandals connected with his name accumulate every day, and now it is scarcely a secret that a lady of title who recently disgraced her family owes her ruin to her future king. . . . We have had enough of dissolute Princes of a German house. . . . There are many private gentlemen who avoid the Prince as much as they can. It is unpleasant to have to deal with a man who insists upon playing at cards for money, carefully takes all he wins, and never pays a shilling he loses."

The Prince of Wales has an annuity from the nation of £40,000 and his wife has one of £10,000—total £50,000 (\$250,000). He has an income from the Duchy of Cornwall which, in 1878, was £301,328 (about \$500,000) and which is on the increase. He has a very large income from other sources independent of his military income. What his father left him is not known as the will of the late Prince Albert has been illegally kept secret. Yet the Prince of Wales, worthy man, after due economy, claims at times to be "hard up," and would have the nation pay his debts!

No matter whether fitted for the task,
 The best must step aside when princes ask ;
 Field Marshal or Archbishop if they choose,
 Or Lord High Admiral near land to cruise.
 And then to help some of them on their way.
 As Colonels of ten regiments get the pay.*
 What signifies the little we must give,
 To have such pompous grandees with us live.
 To misery round us we can shut our eyes,
 Nor list to widow's wail or orphan's cries,
 But without regal splendor we should be,
 Obligated to mix with low society.
 It only costs one million pounds each year,
 To keep our semi-German rulers here.
 Besides we give them palaces and yachts,
 Grand robes of state, knee breeches, and cocked-hats,
 Yet some will call this wanton waste and more,
 While shivering paupers beg from door to door :
 While British workmen seek in vain for work,
 And envy the condition of the Turk
 The royal family is ever our first care,
 What crumbs they leave among the poor we share.
 If paupers then will grumble at their fate,
 We would be glad to see them all migrate.
 Compelled by want they learn to cringe and how—
 Still they're a wretched nuisance any how.
 About them Radicals have much to say,
 But still we cry—"God save the Queen"—Hurrah !

The nation too supports a courtly train,
 Of this the croakers also will complain.
 Of dukes and lordlings we have quite a crowd,
 These are state pensioners of whom we're proud.
 To find good paying places they're intent,
 And get fat offices from government.†
 They watch that no enactment shall intrude,
 Upon their rights, though said for public good
 Should some low patriot demand reform,

* The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge, besides having other official pickings, are each Colonels of several regiments for which they get full pay. The Prince of Wales is a Field Marshal and is also Colonel of the First Life Guards, the Second Life Guards, the Royal Horse Guards, the 10th Hussars, the 3rd Battalion of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, and the 3rd Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders, etc., etc. The Duke of Cambridge, besides being Field Marshal and Commander-in-Chief, commands as Colonel the Royal Regiment of Artillery, the Corps of Royal Engineers, the Grenadier Guards, the Scots Guards, the King's Royal Rifle Corps, the 17th Lancers, etc., etc., etc.

† According to *The Reform Almanac* "There are 7,991 peers or relations of peers who are in the public service and take public pay. Among those we do not refuse to confess that there is *some* real ability. We will be generous and admit that perhaps the 991 give some value in return for the wages they receive. But what of the 7000? Does any one pretend that they are of the remotest use to the country?"

for him "they go" at once and make it warm.
 Yet so called statesmen from the plebian ranks.
 Get raised to power and then cut curious pranks.
 And talk about the cost that we must pay,
 To rule the nation in the present way.
 Each item of expense they would cut down,
 If needed sell the sceptre and the crown.
 But such irreverent lev'lers have no soul,
 'Twere sad for monarchs if they had control.

We've great aristocrats on every hand,
 Who own much wealth and very much in land.
 Their vast estates extend from mile to mile,
 This is but right for they should live in style.
 No British poor man ought an acre claim,
 Nor one without a handle to his name.
 Low working men had better live and die,
 Like squalid swine pent in a filthy sty,
 Than have our wealthy landlords made the prey,
 Of every hungry rabble in their way.
 We scarce have patience with each motley crowd,
 Who shout for "equal rights" so long and loud.
 What rights have they?—their right is to submit.
 Pay rent, and dues, and taxes, or else flit.
 The craven poor are always a disgrace,
 They should be packed off to some foreign place.*

We've lordly bishops too who can despise,
 The riches and the honors many prize.
They never worship power, but are content,
 If with the virtuous poor their lives are spent.
 Their days and nights they mostly give to prayer.
 And in support of missions pay some share.
 The well fed foreign heathen might be lost,
 Unless converted at our special cost.
 No matter if poor heathens here at home,
 In hunger, rags and filth be left to roam.
 The nation's priests a bright example shew,
 And that's almost enough for them to know.
 Yet these right reverend priests can scarcely live
 Upon the paltry sum that we must give.
 They feel that pressing want is ever near,

* From "English Statistics" we learn that the "House of Lords consists of 316 Peers who receive in pay or pensions £621,336 (more than \$3,000,000) per annum. That they have between them 14,258,527 acres of land with a rental of £11,880,308. . . . Probably it would not be an excessive estimate to put down the total income of Peers derived from all sources at £13,000,000, which would make the income of each individual Peer a trifle over £59,000 per annum" (\$140,000).

While they get scarce ten thousand pounds each year,*
 Poor saints, with this they do the best they can,
 Each aided by his reverend journeyman,
 For each must have a chaplain of this kind,
 To pray with him when piously inclined.
 We pay these chaplains a few thousand more—
 The bishops could not from their scanty store.
 We further help, and each a palace get.
 In which all worldly cares they can forget.
 Where each to heaven can turn his pious eyes,
 And plead for worldly men with heartfelt sighs,
 Yet such our sainted Lordships often mock,
 And tell us they are all a humbug stock.
 Besides at times our Commons seems inclined,
 To cast them off like chaff before the wind.
 That on fat livings here they cannot stay,
 But must get livings in some other way.
 While Democrats dictate it will be thus,
 (From such vile sinners Lord deliver us) !
 Our parliament for this should blush with shame.
 A well-fed bishop adds to Britain's fame.
 Without our consecrated Lords, and means of grace
 'Mong christian nations we should feel disgrace.

God save the Queen !—The devil take the rest,
 Unless she is secured the very best.
 What if ten thousand starvelings round us lie,
 Or twice ten thousand paupers starve and die.
 We have a gracious queen whose royal ease,
 Must never be disturbed by thoughts of these.
 To get such craving creatures daily fed,
 Might snatch the crown from off her royal head.
 We've lots of gold, on her it shall be spent,
 In stiff defiance of those discontent.
 Tha Queen loves cash, and some dare make so free,
 To call her—" Her Rapacious Majesty."
 She has vast wealth and hoards it all alone—
 (It may console some prince who's lost a throne.
 No loyal subject ever should forget
 That Britain owes the Queen a grateful debt.

*The Archbishop of Canterbury has a salary of \$75,000 a palace and chaplains, and 188 livings at his disposal, with other perquisites. The value of his livings is more than \$411,000.
 The Archbishop of York and the Bishop of London have each \$50,000 per annum, a palace, chaplains, perquisites and 161 and 175 livings. The livings of the Bishop of London are valued at \$260,000; those of the Archbishop of York at about \$200,000.
 The Bishop of Durham has \$40,000 per annum and 114 livings. The other bishops have also large incomes, and valuable livings. Their godliness is evidently great gain.

For princes and princesses a full score,*
 (And these of course in time will add some more);
 Thus Britain's greatness will be made secure,
 In spite of all the rant about the poor,
 The royal progeny have come to stay,
 If some vile parliament will not say "nay."
 For Parliament has still the plebian power,
 To pack them off to Berlin in an hour.
 In these degeneratd days some would we know,
 Be glad to send them all to Jerico.
 And should republicans for this cry out,
 As the majority—Lord what a rout.
 But with contempt we look on those who scorn.
 Her Royal Arms, the Lion and Unicorn.
 For all she's done to keep us poor and free,
 We'll lavish more to keep her jubilee.
 This must be kept no matter at what cost,
 Or soon regard for royalty is lost.
 This is a luxury we must not lose;
 To roundly pay for it none dare refuse.
 A mere few thousands spent in grand display,
 With show and sham in any other way,
 May make some doubters think that after all,
 Without a king or queen we might feel small.
 But others tell us now with words of scorn,
 "Twere better kings or queens were never born.
 That they are but a selfish grasping crew,

* She has four daughters, three sons, four daughters-in-law, four sons-in-law, ten grandsons, six granddaughters, and three great granddaughters; thirty-four all told in December last, 1886.

The items of the Civil List for the cost of the English royal family are:

For the Queen, annual income.....	£335,000
Income of the Duchy of Lancaster.....	69,000
Her personal fee as Duchess.....	101
	£454,101

Cost of the royal palaces, £35 630. Cost of royal yachts not ascertainable. The *aides-de-camp* of the Queen are charged in army estimates.

London Truth says: "The amount of the Queen's private property is unknown, but including the Prince Consort's fortune, and Mr. Neild's, it exceeds \$20,000,000, and there are the estates in Aberdeenshire, which extend to 33,000 acres; the Claremont property; the Osborne estate, which has enormously increased in value; the property at Baden-Baden and at Coburg. She has also many other valuable resources, yet as this poor lady is so straightened as to be unable to support her own children, or even give a dowry when they get married, the British people are, or have been, taxed to pay an annuity of £8 000 to the Princess Royal, and £40 000 on her marriage. To the Prince and Princess of Wales £50 000 annuity; to the Duke of Edinburgh, £25 000 annuity, he has a large income from his wife; Prince Arthur, £25 000; Prince Leopold, £15 000; Princess Helena, £6 000, and a dowry of £30 000; Princess Louise, £6 000, and a grant to the Marquis of Lorne; Princess Beatrice, £6 000 annuity and a dowry. The Queen's uncle, the Duke of Cambridge, and many other of her relatives, English and German, receive large annual sums from the British nation. Any one who dares to ask what these people do for the money we pay them, is promptly snubbed and branded as being "disaffected."

When Her Majesty commenced her reign, poor rates averaged 5 s. 4½ d. per head per annum, now they exceed 7 s. Imperial taxation during the first ten years of her reign was under £50,000 000 a year; at the present day it is over £77,000,000, and pauperism and local and imperial taxation are all on the increase. What is to follow? Now throughout England one man out of every thirty is a helpless pauper. It is said to be even for worse in London. Can the burden of royalty be much longer borne?

With nought but pride and plunder in their view,
 Dealing in war and blood to our disgrace.
 That if the Queen would seek a higher place
 In public estimation, she would pay,
 Out of her glutted store, cost what it may,
 The full expenses 'twill take to celebrate
 This greeted jubilee in pomp and state.
 They ask, what has she done for all we've paid ?
 And boldly say she has our progress stayed.
 That we've paid her for fifty years a sum,
 If added would to *fifty millions* come.
 That if she would but some of this restore,
 To help the thousands here whose need is sore.
 The act would best commemorate her reign,
 And hush much suffering that might loud complain.
 And into many an eye a tear might start,
 When known she had a conscience and a heart.
 Poor fools ! to dream that one so great and proud,
 Should heed the mutterings of their thunder cloud.
 Each farthing of this fresh expense we'll pay,
 Though paupers starve around us ev'ry day.
 To keep this jubilee will do much good,
 And for the poor almost as good as food.
 And better for the nation in these days,
 When 'tis too plain that loyalty decays
 When some say common sense must soon prevail.
 And all regard for regal rule grow stale.
 Let us "shut up" each croaker that appears,
 By giving for the Queen three lusty cheers.
 And loudly cry, Britannia rules the waves,
 And Britons never, never, never shall be slaves.
 And every well paid placemen will of course,
 Shout out "God save the Queen," till he is hoarse.*

*Among the thousand and one schemes got up by unreflecting and exuberant loyalists, pious and otherwise, for the celebration of the Queen's jubilee none can approach in utter absurdity that suggested by an obsequious devotee in England. A New York paper says : " A religious paper of England, the *Christian Million* has just come forward with a proposal for the Queen's subjects to give that lady a jubilee present of a bible, the lettering of which will be entirely formed of jewels ! The cost will be only £3,586,489, which can easily be subscribed by each person over whom the Queen graciously condescends to reign contributing *three pence*. The *Christian Socialist* calls the editor of the *Christian Million*, the "Supreme Flunkey." Just think of it ! In order to get up a magnificent bible for Queen Victoria, the lettering of which is to be entirely formed of *jewels*, a large majority of the people of England—the poorer classes, thousands of whom are utterly wretched, ragged and destitute—are to be asked to stint themselves still further in order to raise nearly eighteen millions of dollars (\$18,000,000) to buy such a gift for the Queen ! Were she not only considerately to refuse such an offering but to bestow *three pence* each (which she could easily afford) to the thousands of her hungry "subject" who have not so much to buy a needed meal, she would be only simply doing what she ought to have done from time to time long ago. When is common sense to rule the world ?